ney, who had threatened him frequently with criminal proceedings.

Mr. McIntyre was to have been at this office this morning at 11 o'clock to conduct the negotiations for a settlement.

Turner appeared at that hour, accompanied by his lawyer, Edgar Leventritt. He is a nephew of Justice Leventritt, of the Supreme Court,

Turner appeared to be disappointed when told that Mr. McIntyre had not arrived. He went away, saying he would return at 11 o'clock.

At that hour he came back, accompanied by Mallard, Hamilton and Mr

When told that Mr. McIntyre was not in the office, bu' was expected every minute, Turner said he wanted to have the thing settled and off his mind. He asked that some other members of the firm be called in to look ofter the settlement.

Maurice Goodman, an associate partner, was called. He led the party to the private office of Mr. Adams.

There is a long table in Mr. Adams's office. He was sitting at this table writing when the men entered. Mr. Goodman announced that Turner had come to make a settlement, and Mr. Adams asked them all to be seated.

Hamilton and Lawyer Goodman sat side by side at the head of the table. To the right of Mr. Hamilton sat Mr. Mallard. Mr. Adams sat to the left of Mr. Goodman. Turner and Lawyer Leventritt sat at the foot of the table,

Turner was greatly excited and controlled himself with difficulty. The voices of the men in consultation did not rise above a conversational tone, but there was apparent resentment between the former partners.

Everything went along smoothly enough until the time came for Turner to produce the \$2,700 check. He was slow to do this. The papers were feat tered around the table awaiting signatures when Mr. Leventritt said:

#### HE DRAWS THE REVOLVER.

"Well, Mr. Turner, you might as well deliver the check." Turner glared at the lawyer and at the men on the opposite side of the

"You have the check with you, I suppose?" asked Mr. Leventritt. "Oh, yes," replied Turner; "I've got it with me, all right."

Saying this, he got up, left his chair, walked to the side of the room, and turned his back on the men at the table. When he faced them again he had an enormous revolver in his right hand.

"I'll kill you, you-" he said to Mallard.

The men at the table were paralyzed with fright.

Before Mallard could get out of the way or drop under the table two bullets from the large calibred pistol were in his body. Hamilton had made no move to escape. He sat gazing at the body of

Mallard on the floor Turner fired one shot at him and killed him instantly.

Then he placed the muzzle of the revolver to the side of his head and blew his brains out.

The whole shooting did not occupy more than half a minute.

Mr. Adams, Mr. Goodman and Mr. Leventritt ran out of the office with white faces, meeting a throng of clerks and other tenants who had been attracted by the sound of the shots. Those who entered the room encountered a gory sight.

The floor and walls were covered with blood. The bodies of Hamilton and Mallard were lying on opposite sides of the table. Turner's body was near the door, and the revolver was still clutched in his hand.

It was learned this afternoon that Turner carried two revolvers, one in breast pocket of his coat and the other in the hip pocket. The former is the one with which he did the shooting. It is a magazine sun. The other was

#### ADAMS TELLS A DREAD STORY OF THE KILLING.

Mr. J. J. Adams, with the horror of the happening fresh on his mind, gave a thrilling account of this remarkable tragedy to an Evening World

Mr. Adams was in a position that made it necessary for him to remain in the room during the shooting, as Turner barred the way to the door.

"I was writing a private letter at the table in my office," said Mr. Adams, "when Turner came in with the other men and asked for Mr. Mc-Intyre. Turner appeared to be greatly disappointed when he was told that ber. McIntyre was not in. I knew that arrangements had been made to settle the case, so I suggested that the papers, which had been prepared, be signed at once in the presence of Mr. Goodman and Mr. Leventritt, both of whom were familiar with the circumstances.

"This proposition appeared to be agreeable and all of the men were guided by Mr. Goodman into Mr. McIntyre's private office.

"After a few minutes they left there and came into my office, saying

that they wanted me to see the thing settled.

"No gathering of men ever suggested an approaching tragedy less. Turner was plainly laboring under the stress of great nervous excitement but he kept himself under excellent control.

"As we sat around the table we chatted a few minutes about the weather and kindred topics, and then I suggested that it would be a good thing to get the matter out of the way.

"Mr. Goodman said it would be just as well to have the transaction over with, and turned to Mr. Leventritt, saying:

"'No doubt your client is ready to turn over that check and sign the

"'Certainly,' responded Mr. Leventritt. 'Will you please turn over the check, Mr. Turner, and we will have everything square in a few minutes?"

## PAID NO ATTENTION TO TURNER.

"I was only half-watching Turner, and paid no attention to him as he got up from the table and walked toward the book case. He had on his top cost, and as he stood with his back to us I saw him reach his right hand into the inside pocket of his coat.

"The other men were chatting with each other in low tones. I think I was the only one in the party who paid any attention at all to Turner, and my attention was only casual. I supposed that he was drawing a wallet from

hands of he man on the other side of the room.

"The exclamation was scarcely out of my mouth when I heard Turner say: 'Yes, I'll give you a check. I'll kill you, you ---.'

that even in the excitement of the moment I noticed it.

"This was accounted for from the fact that the revolver is of the maga- were put to work and they discovered a deficiency. gine variety and works on the principle of a Gatling gun. So long as the

side was turned toward the murderer and I think his heart was reached.

"The change that came over the face of Mr. Mallard was appalling. My eyes were glued to his countenance. He rose to his feet, staggered toward make good, and we gave him another extension. ne and fell dead at the side of my desk. I saw him die, saw the change in his eyes from horror to glassy fixedness, and I hope I may never see such a sight again. The big bullets simply ploughed his life out. I don't think he more delay, and that we must have the money. Turner was in a very ugly

"Turner appeared to know that his gun was one sure to kill, for as soon as he was assured that Mr. Mallard was hit he turned his attention to Mr. yourself, and you know it.' Hamilton. I heard the shot that killed the man, and as I turned Mr. Hamilton was just leaping from his chair,

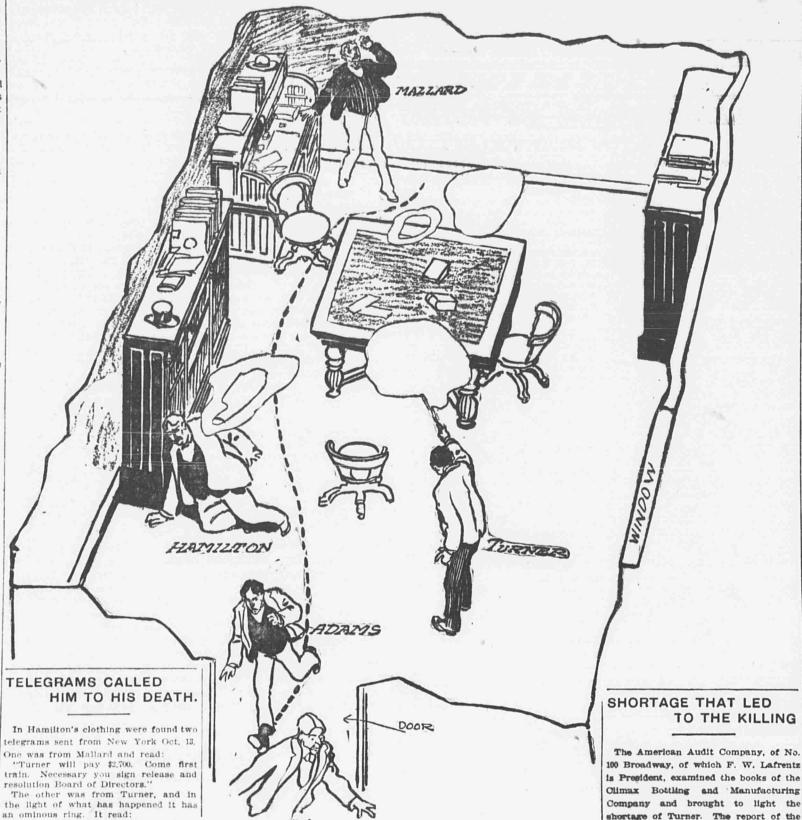
#### HOW HAMILTON DIED.

"He must have jumped two feet from the ground with his hands exled above his head. As I looked at his face it was the face of a dead as I did him, I'd shoot him down like a dog.' I think he died in the air, because when he fell to the floor he came limp, like a wet rag. His left leg became twisted in such a way that railway case in which I was engaged in court, and I therefore telephoned he lay on the floor the left foot was under the small of his back, while to Mr. Adams to close the transaction. right leg was stretched out straight from the body.

cannot bring any comparison to show how quickly all this happened. saw Mr. Hamilton fall I came to believe that Turner was pointing GRUDGE AGAINST CANTOR. revolver at me. I leaped around the end of the table and over the

of Mr. Hamilton and toward the door. As I passed Turner he placed the muzzle of the pistol against his head ed the trigger. I don't know how many bullets he fired into his fell forward on his face dead and I heard the sound of the body Intyre, but Cantor as well. s floor as I reached the hall."

the negotiations. He was very bitter against the former District-Attor- INTERIOR OF PRESIDENT CANTOR'S LAW OFFICE, SHOWING HOW TRIPLE TRAGEDY OCCURED TO-DAY.



# "THREE MEN SHOT IN

ZERK

Arthur F. Walsh, of No. 103 Fulton street, was in the office of Cantor, McIntyre & Adams, talking with one of the clerks named Sweet, when the three partners came in a second time.

"I paid no attention to them," he said, "except to notice that they went into Mr. Adams's office. I was standing in the main office. I could hear them talking, but did not understand anything that was said.

"The first I knew of trouble was the sound of one shot right after another. The three typewriters in the office screamed and ran out. Then the door of Adams's office opened and Goodman appeared with his eyes sticking out of his head and his face deadly pale.

turned, threw both hands up and said:

"'Good God, there are three men shot in there. "Then Adams came out.

"Sorry to leave your case to friends. Prefer to settle all at once."

"'Send for a policeman,' he yelled at one of the clerks, who had stood his ground. The clerk ran out and met the elevator starter, who had heard the shots. A policeman followed in a minute, and then there was an awful

"The news spread all over the financial district, and in less than ten minutes the street in front of the building was impassable, so great was the crowd which had gathered."

#### MR. M'INTYRE HAD FACED TURNER AND FEARED TROULLE

Former Assistant District-Attorney John F. McIntyre, the partner of "Suddenly he turned around with a revolver pointed at Mr. Maillard. Mr. Adams, was engaged as counsel for the Metropolitan Street Railway in I uttered an exclamation. I don't remember what it was, but I think it a case on trial before Justice Dugro and a jury in the Supreme Court when was 'Oh, my God!' I never saw such a tremendous revolver as that in the he was informed that Mr. Adams had been shot by a client who had subsequently shot himself.

Mr. McIntyre said that he expected last evening that there would be some trouble with Turner. He said that Turner was treasurer of the Climax "As he spoke he shot twice. The reports followed each other so closely Bottling Company and had misappropriated \$5,100 some time last June. Mr. McIntyre said that after Turner had left the company expert accountants

"I called Turner to my office," he said, "and told him that he had finger is pressed on the trigger the revolver vomits bullets with incredible stolen the money, and that while we had no desire to be harsh with him. that there was nothing to do but present the matter to the Grand Jury. "Mr. Mallard was half way out of his seat when Turner fired. His left He said that he knew he had taken the money, but that Dan Stewart, the sporting man, was a friend of his and would make good the money. He pleaded for time, and we gave it to him. When time was up, he did not

> "Last Monday night we had a consultation, at which Mallard and Hamilton were present. We then gave him to understand that there would be no mood, and was especially bitter toward Mallard. He said to him: 'What are you talking so much about this for? You stole money from the company

allow the influence of a lot of up-State politicians to interfere in his favor. When he found himself confronted with his thefts and saw that he was THERE," CRIED GOODMAN. likely to be presented, he got a lot of letters from politicians up the State and brought them to me. He wanted me to call off the prosecution. I told him that this was a professional matter with which politics had nothing to do, and he was very sore about it. He asked McIntyre to have me at the conference, but as there was no reason for me to be there. I kept away."

"He wanted Cantor and Adams and Goodman and me," said Mcintyre. He was undoubtedly after us all as well as Hamilon and Mallard. He was so afraid that I would be there that he made me promise solmenly that I would. I intended to, but there was a delay on the elevated train coming down town. This kept me, so that I couldn't get there by I o'clock, and then I had to go to court. This is the sixth time men have been after me, and I consider myself very lucky to be alive."

# "He ran into Mr. Cantor's office, and seeing that no one was there, GOLDENKRANZ GETS IN THE WAY, AS USUAL

Coroner Goldenkranz arrived at the scene of the tragedy at 2 o'clock and took charge of the bedies. In the left hand hip pocket of Turner's trousers he found a check for \$2,700. It was drawn to the order of Turner and was signed by him. The check was certified and

Broad Exchange Building, objected. Mr. Meaders said that he was ready to take charge of the bodies of Mr. fallard and Mr. Hamilton and have hem removed to an undertaker's estabishment. The Coroner gave him no more consideration than if he had been man utterly without interest in the Almost beside himself with excitement,

Mr. Meaders was appealing for assistance from bystanders when Borough President Cantor arrived. To him the brother-in-law of the murdered Mallard appealed. Mr. Cantor said that he would attend to Coroner Goldenkranz-"Mr. Coroner," said the Borough

President, "the situation is just this. These murdered men were clients of my

Audit Company was made on May 15,

to the order of Turner and was signed by him. The check was certified and appeared to be regular.

The Coroner after searching the clothing of the dead men and officially pronouncing them dead announced that he would have the bodics removed to the Morgue at once.

J. J. Meaders, a brother-in-law of Mr. Mallard and Mr. Hamilton."

The officious Coroner was all deference. He couldn't write the permits fast enough. So chastened was he that he said he would allow the body of Tucker to remain in the office where he had committed his crime a reasonable time in order to allow relatives to claim it. The finding of the certified check in Turner's pocket does away with the assumption that he was unable to pay the money demanded of him.

This brings up the question: If he had This brings up the question: If he had the money why did he kill his former partners and himself? It would appear that he went to the conference prepared to use either the check or the pistol, and the stories thus far told by eyewitnesses do not make clear why he used the pistol. sed the pistol.
Coroner's Physician Higgins, after an xamination of the bodies, said that failard and Turner died instantly, but hat Hamilton may have lived a minute

Manage that Hamilton may have lived a minute or two.

The bullet that kiled Mallard pierced his heart. Hamilton was shot in the left breast, the big bullet tearing his lung to pieces. The cause of his death as hemorrhage.

Turner shot himself in the right temple, making a gaping hole clear through his head.

The bodies of Mr. Mallard and Mr. Hamilton were removed to Lewis's undertaking establishment, whence Mr. Mallard's body will be sent to his former home in Atlanta, Ga., to-morrow night, Turner's body was gent to the Morgue.

### TURNER'S WIFE HEARS OF HUSBAND'S MAD ACT

An Evening World reporter called at terest.

An Evening World reporter called at the home of William C. Turner, No. 32 South Fifteenth street, Mount Vernon, shortly after the tragedy and broke the news to the wife of thouse my look out for Turner, because he was a big, bad man.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of him, 'said Malard. 'If he had called me a liar as I did him, I'd shoot him down like a dog.'
"I was unable to get to my office this morning on account of the railway case in which I was engaged in court, and I therefore telephoned to Mr. Adams to c lose the transaction.
"I an sure that Turner was determined to kill me and that I owe my life to having been obliged to remain in court all morning."

\*\*GRUDGE AGAINST CANTOR.\*\*

After the excitement had cooled down a little in the law office and Mr. McIntyre and Mr. Cantor had a chance to talk over coolly what had happing the concluded that not only was it Turner's intention to kill Melant, the concluded that not only was it Turner's intention to kill Melant, and the concluded that not only was it Turner's intention to kill Melant, and the concluded that not only was it Turner's intention to kill Melant, and the concluded that not only was it Turner's intention to kill Melant, and the concluded that not only was it Turner's intention to kill Melant, and the concluded that not only was it Turner's intention to kill Melant, and the concluded that not only was it Turner's intention to kill Melant, and the concluded that not only was it Turner's intention to kill Melant, and the concluded that not only was it Turner's intention to kill Melant, and the concluded that not only was it Turner's intention to kill Melant, and the concluded that not only was it Turner's intention to kill Melant had not only was it Turner's intention to kill Melant had not only was it Turner's intention to kill Melant had not only was it Turner's intention to kill Melant had not only was it Turner's intention to kill Melant had not only was it Turner's intention to kill Melant had not only was it Turner's intention to kill Melant had not onl

### MRS. MALLARD FAINTS WHEN THE NEWS IS TOLD.

William J. Mallard, Jr., lived at No. 3 West One Hundred and First street, with his wife and two children—a girl of five and a baby boy a year. and a half old. Mrs. Mallard's brother, James J. Meador, Jr., who was employed by Mailard also lived there.

Mallard's home was originally in Atlanta, Ga. His father is a wealthy man and is still in business in that city. His mother is here on a visit. Mrs. Mallard had heard nothing of the tragedy which had made her a

She was told that there had been a difficulty and she became greatly excited.

"Has my husband been hurt?" she cried.

She was told that he had been there. She then wanted to know if a pisol had been used When she learned that one had, she ran out of the house to a telephone and called up her husband's office. There was no answer and she came back distracted.

She demanded to know the truth with a piteous insistence, and when the cruel fact came out—as it had to—she fell over in a faint. Mallard's mother was out shopping and had not heard the dreadful news until late this afternoon.

On the top floor of the house in which the Mallards live is the family of G A. Clark, relatives of the Mallards, but Mrs. Clark is so ill that the news of Mallard's death must be kept from her to save her life.

MR. HAMILTON RESPECTED IN PITTSBURG.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 17.-Albert Hamilton, murdered in New York. was a Pittsburg business man of high standing. He was fifty-six years old and leaves a widow and four children.

He was a member of the firm of J. T. & A. Hamilton, Twenty-sixth Street and Allegheny Vailey Railway. Mr. Hamilton was a member of the Shady Side Presbyterian Church and Pittsburg Commandary, Knights of

He was a geniel, whole-souled man who lived peaceably and honorably here. His home was at 40 South Highland avenue.

#### MR. MALLARD PROMINENT IN ATLANTA.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 17 .- W. J. Mallard was one of the best known young men in Atlanta. He was prominent in real estate, political and social circles, the son of a well-known lawyer and a man of many friends. He was president of the Young Men's Democratic League at the time William Jennings Bryan visited Atlanta

# LEVENTRITT WILL NOT

Edgar M. Leventritt, the most important eye-witness of the shooting, inas-much as he was Turner's legal adviser and was in the murderer's confidence.

Change Building and around to his office at No. 27 William street, hatless.

As he entered his effice his clerks looked up in surprise. He appeared to be scarecily conscious of what he was doing.
"What's the matter?" asked one of

"What's the matter?" asked one of the clerks.

"Nothing-nothing." replied Mr. Lev-entritt. "Where's my hat?"

"Can we do anything for you?" asked has not made any statement. When found to-day in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court he said he would not tell what he knows of the tragedy until he is called upon to testify at the inquest. Early in the afternoon Mr. Leventritt disappeared.

When the shooting began Mr. Leventritt ran out of the Broadway Ex
"Can we do anything for you?" asked another clerk.

"My God, no!" shouted the young lawyer. "My olient has just laid out two men and himself over there, I want my hat."

He ran around the office looking for this hat and, not finding it, rushed from the building wearing the hat of the

"I'm still asking for more."—Oliver.



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